

Stormcaller Tanzzy

by Dexelator

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Summary: The story of a once proud Draenei Vindicator through her troublesome times and her change from a weapon of the Light to the harnesser of elemental powers. The short stories are based on my character in Argent Dawn EU and how her past has made her what she is today. Rated M for violence and possible mature themes.

1. Overview

****Description****

Tazz would be a Draenei with strong body. Her muscles would be well defined and larger than the "slim" Draenei. Clearly she is one who favours physical strength. To show this she is often encased in her old mail armour, seemingly very shabby from use. Some mail rings would be broken or missing, giving the armour the appearance of being worn out. Without the armour, the most noticeable features would be her war paint-like tattoos which cover a large portion of her body. The tattoo would be thick silver lines that runs down from side of her face, over the left corner of her lip and down her neck on her left side. The tattoo would be sharp and distinctive, looking more like lightning than anything, clearly signifying some tribal meaning. The tattoo continues down her left arm in a similar manner, wrapping it in intricate twirls that end at the end of her finger tips. Another similar tattoo would be present on her right arm although it starts wrapped around her shoulder and finishes at her finger tips much like her left arm.

Around her neck hangs not one or two necklaces, but four and on each end of the coarse linen string hangs for similar looking miniature totems. It's pretty clear she's one with the elements as each one glows in the colour of their element they represent. Not only the necklaces would stand out. On the head of her mace, wrapped around the thick steel handle, are small idols representing something of meaning to her and no one else. They do not glow but they look as if they're taken care of well.

****Personality****

Tanzzy's personality takes after the element of air. She can be wild and free one moment before changing where she could become fierce and piercing. She's adamant and easily angered however she knows her limits and often addresses such issues in a rational manner, trying to make what she would believe, the right decision.

However a flaw Tanzzy would not recognise is her ability to lose herself in a fight. While the elements aid her, she often fights savagely, finding new ways to maim, burn, break and destroy the enemy with little regard to her values. She becomes almost maniacal in her strikes as even her tattoos begin to glow and writhe on her skin.

****History****

Like most Draenei of our original time line, Tanzzy had gone through unspeakable horrors during the massacre on Draenor before it shattered. She watched her people die to the merciless and blood crazed Orcs. However, unlike others, Tanzzy was fortunate to see that her immediate family had survived and hidden away with the aid of Tanzzy herself. However, the once Vindicator began to turn from the teachings of the Light and saw to Nobundo with others to learn of shamanism.

She learnt well and fast, picking up the powers of the elements with ease after the elements had sought her out, but when she returned to her family to speak of her news and her new path, they scorned her and looked down at her with disgust as she had opted for a once Orcish tradition, the very same Orcs who had sought to eradicate their kind.

Tanzzy was abandoned, crippled mentally by the dismissal of her family, and sought out isolation. Her sister however, had followed her to catch Tanzzy alone. Her sister, being a Vindicator sought to reason with Tanzzy, to bring her back within the family. However on a cliff, Tanzzy's mind had snapped. Something had triggered her to harness her new powers and ruthlessly assault her sister.

After blows were struck, fires singed and wind dying down, Tanzzy had won the savage fight, but lost herself deeper into her own madness. She collapsed to her knees to witness her sisters broken body and armour as she drew her last dying breath. She wept as the elements grew silent in her mind. Tanzzy, now distraught by her own actions vowed to carry out her sisters work by taking up her Vindicators hammer and carrying on her legacy.

Her family never accepted her back in and now Tanzzy was alone and confused, soured by the images of that fateful night atop the cliff edge.

2. Chapter 1 - The Finding

She looked on over the broken town, houses burning and bodies strewn across the floor, bodies of both Orc and Draenei alike. They had given it their all but it was not enough to cease the tide of savagery that had ultimately swallowed them whole. Tanzzy sat on her

knees, her golden armour stained with blood, mostly of the Orcs she had taken down, but some from her own wounds between the cracked and split armour. She couldn't stop them. A hand rested on her shoulder. "Come sister, we must move before they find us."

Tanzzy looked up at her friend who had fought beside her every step of the way. He looked a mess. His horn has cracked and he was missing a hand which was roughly bandaged. She could tell he was in pain, both physically and mentally but he had done his best to mask it.

>"Go... take the others to safety, I will say my prayers and catch up."

"Be quick sister... By night fall they could be onto us."

Tanzzy nodded briefly as she looked to the survivors. A hollow pit grew in her heart. There was barely anyone remaining, a few peacekeepers, a Vindicator or two and broken families, crying children and wounded towns people. Did the Orcs spare no one? Tanzzy sighed and remained at her knees as the group began to collect themselves and wonder off in search of refuge. She looked down at the town once more, tears in her eyes as her jet black hair fell across her face. She was silent, not even turning to prayer to seek comfort.

However something stirred in her, around her. Her ears perked up as voices began to murmur behind her. She grasped her sword and looks behind her, expecting a fight with the Orcs. Could they have found them so soon? She looked but there was nothing save for a breeze that shook the grass. The whispers continued. Getting louder but still unintelligible. The wind grew stronger, bending the grass to the side as the words began to ring in her ears. She could tell them apart now, there were four voices, all speaking in a tongue she had never heard before.

One was loud, the voice commanding and somewhat accusing. The second was coarse and rough, speaking in a firm yet comforting tone. The third was quieter, fluid and peaceful and the fourth was energetic, quick and rapid in speed. Each however, could not be deciphered, not by her.

As quick as these voices had come, they began to leave. The wind died down as the silence drew onto her. She looked once more to find the sources of these voices but could not find anything. She remained puzzled before remembering her position. She grasped her sword and began her way to join the others that had departed before her. They had to make it to safety, but they had no idea what was to become of them in the near future.

Days had passed and the survivors had made a small camp at the base of a cliff, out of sight and out of mind. Tanzzy had left the encampment to find and bring back water for those that were too injured to do it themselves. She stopped at a slow flowing creek where she kneeled to scoop up the fresh water into whatever she could find that would hold the liquid. She sighed and tried to not let the thoughts of the town get to her. It was a difficult task even for her. She looked at the water, watching her reflection. Her face, marred with bruises and small cuts looked back at her.

A breeze began to blow through her hair, a familiar feeling she had felt before encased her body. She was drawn to the water where she

saw her reflection still and four figures behind her. The figures almost ensnared her, stopping her in place and keeping her watching the water however they did this without physical touch.

The four figures were not of humanoid appearance . They looked as if the very world itself had come alive. The figure to her left, gazes with yellow eyes, his shoulders broad and... completely made of rock and stone. His head floated above his coarse body looking down at her. The second, still to her left but closer to her than the first, was a figure who was the embodiment of fire. His presence was warming to the heart and to the skin. The furthest to her right was a soothing presence, a calmed and flowing appearance as it looked at her through the water that surrounded it. The fourth on her immediate right, was more difficult to witness, a creature not of physical form but rather the breeze itself. Two energetic blue eyes stared at her whilst the vague outline of its body ran wildly within its magical confines.

The voices returned began but this time she give hear them speak one by one and this time she could understand. The figure of rock and stone spoke first. His firm, assuring voice resonated through her.

>"You must save your people Tanzzy, they need all the help they can get."
"You must learn the ways of the elements, they will guide you on the right path" The fluid voiced belonged to the creature of water.

>"The Orcs will stop at nothing, they wish to see you all dead... Your villages and people burnt" The confronting tone pierced her mind, the flaming eyes glared at her whilst the voice rang accusingly through her ears.
"Go Tanzzy, you must be quick. Hasten you mind and steel your heart. Seek out Nobundo, he will know..." The quick voice almost billowed around her, she knew it belonged to the ever shifting body of the being with blue energetic eyes.

>"Nobundo? Th-the Vindicator...? How w-will I know where to find him?" Tanzzy replied with a shaken voice, both scared and interested in the beings.
"Find him Draenei... Or perish with your kind." The flaming one spat back in its every accusing tone. It was a fierce one.

Tanzzy nodded in fright and they soon began to fade away. She gasped for air on her knees as the ordeal was over but as she sat up she smelled smoke, and then heard the screams of women and children behind her in the distance."No..." Tanzzy's eyes grew wide as she knew what was happening. The Orcs had found their encampment... And she could do nothing to save them... Not alone... Not like this.

3. Chapter 2 - A Shred of Hope

The screams and cries of the innocent and helpless rang in her mind. She returned to that campsite after her encounter at the creek only to find what can only be described as a crime suiting to the deepest reaches of hell. Blood caked the once green grass, limbs strewn all over and faces so horribly disfigured they no longer resembled Draenei but rather the after math of a vicious predator feasting on its prey.

These Orcs were not honourable, they did not care for innocents or dignity. All they knew was savagery and blood. Tanzzy collapsed to

her knees, the blood soaking into her cloth trousers . She did not cry, she did not mourn, she simply looked on in disbelief. Something in her mind could not comprehend the atrocities that she was witnessing. Was this the fate of her people? Fleeing from their enemy only to be chased down like foxes in a hunt?

Tanzzy shook her head and looked on at the tiny campfire in front of her, covered by a small tent like cloth to avoid anyone else spotting it. She was day dreaming again. Every detail was so vivid and defined. in her mind that she could not escape it. The night time breeze ran over her cheeks, sweeping her hair out her eyes so she could gaze at her fire in silence. She had taken heed to the figures of fire, stone, air and water to seek out the well known Vindicator known as Nobundo. Apparently he knew the reason she was visited by these beings and what he was to teach her. Was she the only one? Were there others seeking him out as well?

Tanzzy had travelled through her home town only to find her family had moved to Telredor, an apparently last safe refuge for the Draenei, unknown to the Orcs. Through on her days of travel, she had begun to notice the world around her almost fall apart and change before her eyes. The sky once blue and vivid grew dark and whilst the stars shone through brightly, it gave a deep sense of sadness as whatever the Orcs were doing, it was sundering this world. Tremors became frequent, wild life grew sparse and new, bizarre creatures began to roam to once beautiful planes. She shuddered at the thought that these may very well be her last few months, weeks or even days on this world.

She held out her hands closer to the small fire. Tanzzy had heard of the loss of Shattrath City and how Nobundo was there, but he had escaped... At least that's what she had heard. If Telredor really was the last refuge of her people then she'd have to travel there, staying off the path and kept well hidden from the Orcs. They showed children no mercy, imagine what they would do with Tanzzy, a Vindicator who's seen battle and showed skills with her sword. If it ever came to that, she would not go down without a fight.

She clung to the hope that it would not come to that. She had not seen her loved ones in months since the Orcs began their malicious crimes. If the world was truly coming to an end, she would wish to be by her mother, her father and her sister Enera. Her sister was also a Vindicator, she too was probably fighting the Orcs... She might already be dead. Chills ran up Tanzzy's spine at the thought. This was no time to think of such negative disturbing thoughts. She must cling to that shred of hope. She had to.

A crack sounded nearby. Tanzzy's heart stopped and time seemed to go into slow motion as she instinctively went for her sword laying against the log she was sat on. Her legs sprung into the darkness of the decaying forest and with her, her Vindicator sword. The blade swung into the dark. The sickening screech of a blade against flesh struck her ears as the spilling of blood lapped against the ground.

4. Chapter 3 - Vulnerability in Kindness

The blade dripped crimson blood onto the grey grass beneath her. She peered into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the person she had

struck so hastily. The darkness shrouded the body but Tanzzy heard the choking and gargling of blood as the person struggled to breathe. She furrowed her brow and grabbed the ankle of the person and roughly dragged them into the illuminated surroundings. It was no Draenei for sure given they had feet, for which Tanzzy was relieved. Dropping the leg of the now illuminated person, Tanzzy turned to face her assailant. It was an Orc. Her eyes stared at his face as he continued to gargle and struggle for breath. She reached down to tilt his head back and look over the slow wound she had delivered to the Orc. His throat was cut, although he was not bleeding tremendously it would seem she must have severed the airway and not its artery.

With a sigh she reluctantly held her hand over the wound and with her eyes closed she began to mutter a prayer and tend to the wound. To the Orc's dismay, the people they sought to exterminate was now helping him recover from death. Tanzzy's hand glowed brightly and the wound slowly began to seal starting at the furthest edges of the gash until the wound narrowed and sealed, leaving a small thin scar. With a sigh, Tanzzy opened her eyes, blinking down at the Orc as he glared up at her.

With no words mentioned and only a stare of menacing rage and distaste, the Orc grabbed Tanzzy by the shoulders with his large, callous ridden hands and threw her onto her back whilst he rolled around. Suddenly he had her pinned, his knee on her stomach and his hands pinned her chest down. Now Tanzzy was no weakling, she was a Vindicator after all and was physically strong to a point, but fighting off a large brute of an Orc was not so easily done in such a position. She tried to reach for her sword she had lain beside her as she was healing but that only resulted with the Orc elbowing her in the jaw. She grunted as her head spun dizzily. The brute yelled in her face, something the Draenei have come to understand as an insult to their kind. Her head still spun from the previous blow, the disorientated state left her vulnerable. For a moment she could feel the large hands run up her sides then a single hand run down her chest.

The sound ripping fabric almost kicked Tanzzy out of her disorientated state as she looked up to see the Orc tearing away her shirt. She had left her Vindicator armour behind given it was too heavy to travel in and far too bright to go by unnoticed. Now clad in leather trousers and a fabric shirt, Tanzzy was at the mercy of the Orc who almost too eagerly rid the Vindicator of her shirt. Her chest remained bare to the assailant with exception to the bandages that pinned her exceptionally sized bosom against her chest for practical means whilst in a fight. Her stomach was taunted with just a little bit of softness to the touch, whilst her blue skinned remained alluring. The brute reached down for the bandages but quickly froze.

The Orc's eyes widened, almost in fear as he arched back. Soon enough the Orc was screaming as he rolled off Tanzzy and onto the ground. He clutched at his chest and stomach as he writhed in pure agony. Tanzzy sat up and looked on, almost in horror as the Orc arched his back as a flaming hand tore from his abdomen. The hand clutched the brute's stomach as it began to drag the rest of its body out from inside the Orc. The flaming being made itself known, looking at Tanzzy, the very same flaming person Tanzzy has witnessed at the river so many days ago. Finally, after watching this brute who was ready to defile her, Tanzzy watched him cease to exist and die from his agonizing torture. The fiery being looked at his handy work and without a word, faded.

away.

Tazz panted in shock after witnessing such brutality, however were it not for the beings intervention, she surely would have been lost. She looked at the Orc, crawling closer to peer at the damage. A wide whole had opened up in the brutes stomach, singed around the edges and charred on the inside. No blood poured from the gaping wound, only smoke. Something clicked in Tanzzy's mind that moment, a feeling she'd never really think she'd have in her path as a Vindicator. She was almost glad the Orc had died, no, she was glad as to -how- he died. Such barbarity must be met with similar consequences. She caught herself grinning down at the Orc's singed wound and shook her head, shaking the ill thoughts out of her mind.

She looked down at herself, muttering as she closed her shirt over her slightly exposed torso. Was there really a vulnerability in kindness?

End
file.